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Summer Camp

Ames Forestry Club

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MICHAEL CLARK

Products, Timber Products Conversion. Mike is from Pisgah, Iowa and attended summer camp in Wirt, Minnesota. In 1968, Mike worked for the Department of Lands and Forestry in Bemidji, Minnesota and in 1969 he worked for Paine Lumber Company in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. College activities include Xi Sigma Pi, sports, foods, cars, and books. After graduation in May, Mike plans on working for the summer and then attending graduate school in the fall.

MERLE CONKIN

Management; business minor. Merle is married and attended the Montana summer camp in 1965. He has worked one summer for the Forest Service at Priest Lake, Idaho and one summer for the Plant Introduction Center at I.S.U. Merle calls State Center, Iowa home and sports are his hobby.

TERRY J. MARKS

Management, Agronomy. Terry is single and attended the 1968 summer camp at Wirt, Minnesota. His work experience includes working on the San Isabel National Forest in Leadville, Colorado. His favorite hobbies are sports and music. After graduation in February, Terry plans on working.

WALTER THROM

Management; Watershed minor. Walt is married and has a two-year-old daughter. He calls Muscatine, Iowa his hometown and he went to the Wirt, Minnesota summer camp last summer. This summer Walt will work for the Forest Service as a recreation aid and fire control aid in Montana and in September he will graduate. While in college, Walt co-founded and was the coach of the ISU Table Tennis Club. After graduation, Walt plans to work for the Forest Service in watershed management or wilderness management in the Rockies. His hobbies include table tennis, bicycling, and backpacking.



Summer Camp

Anticipations rode with fifty young foresters as they descended on Wirt, Minnesota, the site of the 1969 summer camp. We had been informed of the fishing holes and other spots, so naturally everyone was keyed to find out just what Wirt had to offer.

The camp was an old civil engineering camp, often used as a winter home for mice, rats, porkies, red squirrels, and other denizens of the woods. Some of them shared the environment with us all summer, that is if the "killer" didn't stalk nearby with his bow and arrow, or "Bennie's" wolfhound didn't chase them off. They need not have worried since the arrows didn't fly true and the wolfhound was old and short of breath.

Camp soon introduced us to loading trucks with dry firewood, cranking up the washing machine, the early morning race to the shower before all the hot water was gone, Mrs. Caldwell's early morning humor, but also her understanding for the needs of a forester's stomach (peanut butter and jelly), the three wooden boats that took a couple layers of tar, and a bailing bucket before one could venture very far from shore, the art of digging and camouflaging bear traps, our "friend," at the Sure game resort, the local girls who became an enjoyable part of our weekend and even week days, and all the other adventures which will remain a part of each forester's reminiscing session in the future.

Our instructors taught us a lot. From Dr. Joe McBride's forest biology we learned the art of berry pickin' and skinnydipping. Joe was hard put after a while to find a beach that offered both fresh berries

and private swimming. From the West Virginian, Ed Grafton, we learned how to set up and pitch horseshoes. Most of us who pitched shoes concluded Ed was still his family's prize horseshoe pitcher, which he claimed he was. Mr. Victor Smith taught us how to cruise in and along those productive bogs of the Cutfoot Sioux. We seemed to spend most of our time hunting for lost personnel, Biltmore Sticks, and even chains. From our Camp Director, Dr. Dwight Benseid we learned what patience is. With such a rowdy bunch driving buses off the road, collecting F.S. signs, dinner bells and whatever else, it's an important virtue to possess.

All joking aside, the eight week summer camp was a rewarding and memorable experience for everyone. The staff did an outstanding job coordinating tours and classes, enabling us to see and visit the many forest and forest-related industries in Northern Minnesota.

A special thanks and best wishes to: our cook, Rachel Caldwell, whose bite wasn't near as bad as her bark, and the families of Mr. Smith, Dr. McBride and Dr. Benseid, who, in their own way, made camp a success.

When camp broke the last week in July we left behind another chapter in our lives, some I.S.U. good will (we hope), millions of hungry deer flies and the old buildings that had been our home.

May I extend our Good Luck! to the foresters who will head for the Catskill Mountains and the 1970 forestry camp.